

Circle of the Incarnate

“Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds.” From the Hindu scripture,
Bhagavad-Gita

It was just another ordinary day in New Mexico, for me anyway, being locked in a sanitarium deep underground at a highly classified government installation, where I pretended to stare at a black and white television monitor that offers no audio. Yes, this horrific scenario had become my norm. I had been long since prohibited from having any objects what so ever, that may aid me in my attempting suicide. Though, I had tried a few times, including shoving a crayon in my left eye and only managing, to burst the cornea, while the scientists simply reminded me that they did not need my eyes so they removed it and told me that if I tried it again they will take the other eye out and threatened to start severing fingers (not excluding limbs as well). Obviously, my eyesight was not needed for to use me in their project. So now I am given crayons just big enough, at timed intervals so I may, occupy my mind with something other than killing myself and them. I even think the sick bastards wanted me to write my thoughts down. Perhaps intended for some sort of future conversation piece when “They,” the chosen few, will rule the planet with extended lifespans by way of a virtual explosion of medical and technological advancements that will ensue after the end begins. A great Orwellian

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nightmare of even more grievous proportions had shaped what had already come to pass, and what will eventually come to pass bringing the end to it all. Still I have to write, for as they plot and laugh I still have one sparkle of hope...but

It has been two sanity-draining years of confusion and disbelief since the end of me and everything else began. Confusion as a result of my being fed, since my conception, a cornucopia of psychotropic drugs, lies and fabrication from so called “scientists” (or as I have justly termed them, the Delusion Squad). Disbelief, that such a malicious power does indeed exist because and that evil resides within me. If you are reading this, I am already dead and something or someone else has replaced me.

Though it seems like yesterday, yet it has been only a blink of time since my mother abandoned father and us kids. Father was married to his work and had pushed mother away. Over time eventually my mother met a local Native American singer she had met as a music teacher and they moved to upstate New York to join a hippie colony. My brother and I were devastated and quickly thereafter remanded to the custody of our stoic father. Well at least that is the story father conditioned us to believe. “Your mother was a whore, boys, forget about her.” I know now that mother never left the family to run off with a musician as father had deceived us into believing. Father had her erased because she had stumbled upon one of his many skeletons that had long turned rotten in decaying secrecy.

Even before mother “left us” my father was absent from home for the most part, resulting in our unfettered freedom. To fill in the maternal gap father hired a

permanent maid named Tilda Locaine, a Haitian born New Orleans transplant that had ingratiated herself to the Native American tribes in the region and had actually been adopted by the locals as a Medicine Woman, for she was and probably still is a magic maker, healer and wicked soul stealer. After my brother and I graduated high school Tilda retired and was replaced by a lady that came three times a week and cleaned up after us all. Still Tilda remained part of our lives as I had become friends (almost brothers) with her gran son Che Che.

My Dad worked (lived) at the Los Alamos National Laboratory courtesy of the Department of Energy and he was absent from home more frequent than not, my entire life. My elder brother by two years, Daniel was the possessor of the proverbial Green Thumb, while I (Marky-Mark as my brother teased me) was a sixteen-year-old prodigy of mathematics and physics. My brother had his underground cannabis farm that Father encouraged and financed in the name of “scientific research.”

In return for our unbridled lifestyle father demanded of me (in some cases my brother as well) to assist him and his colleagues in conducting various experiments (mostly of which I was under anesthesia) at the laboratory once every three months. I had been assisting my father and his colleagues since I was a toddler and over time I began to consider the experiments to be merely a minimal annoyance in exchange for a substantial allowance that afforded me peak social status on more than just Facebook. I was the life of the party and the girls loved me. I could do no wrong living in my carefully constructed 24/7 lifestyle. When Father

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did make his way home, it was only to feed us more of the same manipulation of my ego with false encouragement and deadly deception. One of the many pieces in the big puzzle of deception seemed to transpire by mere coincidence; in that father had introduced me to an assistant of his and after a few wild weekends together I found myself falling in love with Amelia Del Cruz. A short time after the affair burst like wild fire Amelia had more or less moved in with me after our first date. She was nineteen years old to my naïve sixteen. I now recall the first night we made love with gut wrenching accuracy how she had joked with pursed grin and her sparkling wink, 'You might be a young genius baby, but I'm an adult woman that intends on showing you things that nobody has. I got skills for days,' she then leaned into me smelling like summer and grabbed my crotch before kissing me with her candy lips. She finished it with a whisper in my ear, "Eres el aire que respiromi amor." She hovered over me, her Indian Ink black hair falling all around me.

On one cursed night after we had made mad love, the absurd idea popped into to my head that it would be the proverbial "bomb" if the three of us were to conjure a séance one night. Of course Freddy tried to be cool in front of my girl and suggested: "Well why don't we just render the services of Che Che McGee's grandmother and have her make us a Voodoo Doll. You know she's from the Big Easy. She brought that bad mojo way down from the swamps of Louisiana. You know that Che Che McGee claims that she a genuine Voodoo Priestess and...I say true hell yea," Freddy lowered his accented southern drawl and looked around

making the sign of the evil eye, “Che Che McGee even say that his Grandma Tilda Locaine is a dead woman. A zombie I say true.”

“What a load of Bos Taurus fecal matter... you Walking Dead Dork,” Amelia proclaimed reaching across me and flipping Freddy’s hat off his head starting to laugh her delicate laugh the way only she could do. ‘

“Yea Rod Serling, your watching too much True Blood and Game of Thrones bro.”

I said offering a verbal uppercut to Freddy, as he doubled over in hysterics trying to recover his tipped hat from the hard wood floor. The next day I almost (almost definitely doesn’t count here) blew off the silly superstitious notion, but still the mental urge to do it persisted so oft I decided on impulse to do what Freddy had joked of doing: call Che Che McGee to obtain a Ouija board or a Voodoo Doll, from his grandmother, known to the towns folk as, Tilda “Screaming Loon” Locaine, former slave and self-proclaimed Voodoo Priestess that moonlighted as a dog whisperer and lived only minutes from the same area as Freddy resided. Tilda Localine’s ranch was modest in comparison to some of the other swabs of land that make New Mexico hauntingly beautiful. A recluse to the surrounding communities she would take only the worst case of animals that seem to show signs of rabies like symptoms but cannot be cured by modern medicine as she believes the animals were being possessed by evil spirits and that the land would be poisoned soon. She had predicted great apocalyptic calamities to start occurring. Though the surrounding communities chalked her up as eccentric (Tilda “Screaming Loon” Locaine was insane in the membrane as Freddy had said one time) still they would

faithfully take their convulsing animals to her and she would “cure” them all. Her grandson, Che Che McGee her only living relative had always been a staunch supporter of his Grandmother. Che Che had been home schooled by Native Americans and was book smart but also wise to her predictions and believed all she said. I had hired Che Che for his equestrian expertise and, in return, I assisted him with a land sale and other things my clout/wealth could provide. I had his number in my cell so I called him to set up a time for me to employ his Grandmother’s alleged expertise. As it turns out I didn’t need the Ouija board after all.

I pulled in the long dusty driveway that led to the Shanty Ranch that did indeed did indeed resemble a large Cajun shotgun shack or torn right out of a Caribbean Shantytown. Outside in the driveway, sticking out like an injured limb was a Heartland RV Prowler that had Texas plates. Che Che appeared from behind it with a high powered rifle with a scope affixed. His face was dead pan as I brought my brand new customized Hummer to a graveled halt. Che Che was not pointing the gun directly at me but he was not lowering it either. My first instinct was to take him as the oddball that he was and not be frightened a bit for I had been taught that wealth was immediate respect and encouraged to believe in a false sense of entitlement. That I know better now is of no value to me. Not now. Never. I hopped out of the Hummer cock sure and full of myself. I didn’t hesitate walking towards Che Che as I produced from my baggy pants a sack of that demon weed...the so called space dope and tossed it to him. “Damn Che Che you and your grandmother just closed on the land sale and you all are hitting the road already? I

thought you had until the end of next month?" I asked not really interested. Che Che quickly shifted the rifle to his left hand, easily catching the Mason jar in his right. Che Che twirled the mini Mason jar packed full of that enhanced strain of Cannabis, the glow was hidden by the blinding sun. That brought on the smile. The scent of the weed lingered like a radioactive skunk. "Dude Freddy told me about this strain. He said it glows in the dark...Quantam OG." He opened it and sniffed the contents in amazement. "Man I'm going to have to stock up on this before we take off for Texas." Che Che replaced the lid and pocketed the Mason jar in his camo-pants and with the rifle pointing upward he greeted me with a hand shake. Che Che pulled away fast and tried to hide the grimace that betrayed his years. Che Che had been rumored to possess his Grandmother's touch of foreshadowing (for it could not be called a gift). I dismissed it as Che Che being eccentric (not crazy because they allegedly had money) like his grandmother. "What are you tripping for bro?" I ask arrogantly.

"Because bro I am tripping. *Lophophora williamsii*. Nice and clean but very intense. This is the last batch to come from our land. Then it will be your fathers land grabbing government's land." Che Che smiled wide and stoned, "But thanks to you we laughed all the way to the bank and got paid fat stacks. Your father and the rest of his mad scientists are going to kill us all one day." I nodded my head for I'd heard it all a million times and didn't need to be reminded that he was referring to the fact that I, Spoiled One fortunate gun of a son (guilty as charged) had helped them sell their ranch for far more than they were offered by a "would be"

government land grab, that had it not been for the clout of my father and Elias Colder, Che Che and his grandmother would have been fleeced out of their land. "I'll hook you up with some of this Peyote but be careful sharing and tripping with other people you don't know. If you have a bad trip on Peyote, your ass could be headed for the hospital or worse." Chills ran up my spine and I merely chucked up to the rifle pointing at me. Che Che's face gleamed in the New Mexican sun revealing a hazy grin. A knowing grin.

"Peyote. That's clutch bro. Good lookin' out. I'll take three buttons."

"Only take half at a time man. I'm telling you yo, they are potent." Che Che said procuring a zip-lock baggy and placing them in my right hand. I examined the bag quickly before slipping the bag in to my short's pocket. There were three Peyote buttons in the zip-lock baggie. How did he know that I needed three? I didn't ask and he just stood there smiling. Seemingly from thin air or maybe from underneath his long mane of straight black hair he produced a small black cloth bag with a leather draw string. Che Che handed it to me. "You brought her the specified payment correct?" Che Che asked.

"That's affirmative," I turned and went back to the Hummer to get the backpack that I had brought her payment in. Three, one ounce bars of gold. "She must be a collector, huh." I asked naively. For a second I didn't think Che Che was going to answer but the clang of a dinner bell went off, to save him the effort.

"That bell means that she is ready. Put the gold in the black pouch and don't hand it directly to her. She will instruct you as to where to place the pouch. She

cannot see but she can hear a tumbleweed roll in the distance. The bell means she's ready to get down to business." I could see how serious he had gotten so I resolved to do exactly as she said. With the exception of popping one of the buttons in my mouth, before shoving the bag in my pants pocket. I figured by the time I got back to Freddy and Amelia, I would be pretty toasty. I had always like to get the jump on everyone else. The peyote buttons I had tried in the past were very bitter and hard to swallow without gagging. However, this button had a sweet honey taste and went down like butter.

The makeshift ranch was a double wide trailer pieced together and ram-shackled with different colored tin sheets used like decorative Band-Aids to cover the many years of decay. The dilapidated floor creaked with my every step, threatening to comply with gravity's demand. Upon opening the door to a dark room save for a lone candle flame in the center of the room, a nervous rattle coiled then sprang about my flesh. I walked towards the flame. A small oval piece of coal (no bigger than a human eye, which it oddly resembled) along with what appeared to be chicken bones had been strategically placed upon the sole piece of furniture which was a chunk of Oak perhaps twenty-four inches in diameter that served as the bargaining table. I felt there to be a presence in the room yet I perceived no more than a dimly cast silhouette in the far corner. I heard what sounded to be a rocking chair rocking from that corner, then the rocking abruptly stopped and a voice croaked out the command in surround sound eerily reverberating as if from a kettle drum:

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“Remove the piece of coal first then and only then replace it with the three pieces of gold. Empty the Gold inside the circle of bones. After you have completed this process collect the bones along with the piece of coal and place them in the black bag. Once you travel to the destination point in which you plan the summoning of the spirit, gather the other two people, sitting on the floor with only a black candle in a black plate and place the bones around the plate leaving room for the piece of coal. Each of you pour a little candle wax on the piece of coal and then replace the candle in the middle of the circle of bones or the Circle of the Incarnate as some say true. Lastly, hold hands and allow the voices to enter the circle and take control. Then you may experience a force that is only attenuated by you Mark. Now leave and never return.” The Peyote coated every word like glue and my ears perceived her voice like a drill press and before I knew it I was in Freddy’s driveway with no recollection of how I had gotten into the driveway.

So I set out, unbeknownst to me, to initiate the exordium of the end. Night absorbed the silence well, allowing only ambient traces of urbanity to surface like trickling water. Freddy’s house was situated upon seventy-five acres of New Mexican sky star-studded real estate, a modernized Spanish style domicile merely larger than the middle class villas just west of the property. I thought comically, what a laugh it would be to see their faces when I act like I’m possessed by the devil and stab Amelia with a fake knife. Good clean fun for a few spoiled teenage aristo-brats.

I knocked upon Freddy's door as the fern bushes just next to the front door swished around in the late afternoon breeze making them look like extraterrestrial arachnids might look like if they were reaching a tentacle out for a quick bite.

Freddy answered the door wearing a, AC/DC Highway to Hell tee- shirt and cut-off blue jeans. "Come on in Marky, old buddy old pal old square friend of mine. There's injuns in them there hills." I chuckled at his bad Clint Eastwood impression.

"Hey Freddy I have the "space dope" Dad gave me."

This particular strain from my father, like the other drugs I unwittingly consumed from dear old Dad along with the brainwashing and every diabolical deed construed against me. It was a molecular trigger to convey the subject to a multi-dimensional level of existence. The subject unfortunate enough to be under the influence, would be sent on an epic astral projection and possibly be developed into a devastating weapon for which to make the ultimate soldier. Of course I found out much too late that I had been assisting the government in the creation WMD's.

The super space dope glowed in the dark. "What's the matter Polly the Parrot, cat got your tongue?" I said as his eyes reddened just opening the container of pot. He tried to speak and couldn't. Then I turned out the light.

"Whoahhhhh," Freddy whispered to himself as he held the glass jar full of turquoise glow. I said the exact same thing the first time I viewed the gleaming nuggets from Uncle Sam's stash. In addition to classified cannabis, my father and his partner in crimes against humanity, Elias Colder, had been pumping me full of genetic enhancement serums since my birth in the attempt to make me a reactor of

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genocide: the perfect weapon. They had no idea that they were close to tapping into to a power more abominable than any man made WMD that the most brilliant of scientists could construct. They would eventually use me as a conduit to destroy life by stirring forces once believed not to exist. Time and space may be elastic and E may equal MC... but my creators gave me the identification name the DC X0. Discontinuum X0. I am chaos incarnate.

Freddy and I played "Call of Duty" while waiting on Amelia to show up. Finally, Amelia, wearing her favorite Marilyn Manson shirt, arrived with the munchies and drinks. After eating their Peyote buttons Freddy gathered the candles and Amelia and I dished out the munchies and drinks. We then commenced to smoke what was likely to be the last joint smoked pre-apocalypse.

Later... After the drug induced euphoric possession started taking its hold of us, we situated ourselves in the living room floor upon which Freddy and I had just finished gaming out. I was in the middle facing the fire place mantle. Amelia to my left and Freddy on the right. It was a large living room with a big screen TV hanging above a hand carved oak fireplace mantle and rustic décor surrounded with hanging swords, guns and various trophy heads of animals, Freddy's father had hunted and killed. The first tingle of the supernatural began when I noticed my Mountain Dew can to the right of me floating in the air and vibrating like a bass speaker quivers and a buzzing in the air like the fade of an old Black Sabbath song. Indecipherable voices started filling up the house getting louder as the television screen that had been turned off flicked right back on dimly, as images began to emerge within the

screen like fog shifting across a field of the waling dead. The arrowhead collection on the wall above the big flat screen TV began to disassemble and arrange a formation in the center of our circle just above the Circle of Bones. We had yet to say a word as earlier we promised to close our eyes and summon the spirit. My eyes were open yet they were still closed. The clamor of voices I had been hearing in my head started a chorus of conspiracies readying forces for murder and destruction. Images of Freddy and Amelia in the throes of intoxicated coitus, started to appear on the big flat screen and both Amelia and Freddy started growling climactically stinging my heart and soul with an immediate need to quench the fire of my revenge with Freddy's blood. All reason ceased to exist. The trophy heads began growling and keening, their faces contorting between human faces and otherworldly faces. The rest of the house disappeared or obfuscated to an abyss of the blackness of a cave, save for the sole candle light. However, the darkness was not a cave and the candle light not merely a candle flame. With my eyes were closed, I was paralyzed with terror, another part of me began to swell with rage, hate and a most wicked power imprisoned my mind, body and soul to a place of ever increasing pain. I could not move in this void where I (my inner soul self) had been sent to nor could I speak, no breath came in nor out. Still I was forced to watch over every languishing moment and hear all the screams of those long dead or dying. The TV screen still moaned out its carnal illusions. For just then it dawned upon me the light needed to fully realize the extent of conditioning I had been under since the embryonic stage... Father and Elias Colder had developed a formula to harness a power of destruction

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by tapping into an evil of ancient origins and properties, using me as an incubator. I became certain of things only minutes before I would have laughed off comically. The circle had been broken. In front of me as if looking through a tunnel, Amelia and Freddy having their mad sex. Their eyes glowing green.

“Kill him Mark. Complete the equation Mark. Kill him! Fulfill the prophecy! Your prophecy! I love you I want you so bad baby. I want you inside me! Kill him he’s raping me!” Raped? Equation? What the hell...? The images on the flat screen became those of me under lights strapped to a hospital bed writhing and screaming while father and Elias Colder stood grinning and nodding their heads behind a medical observing glass. Then time shifted back to the present, as my eyes were again looking within the living-room through those of another’s, my eyes trained on a civil war period sword hanging above the mantle left of the big flat screen, then suddenly it was in my right hand, like the Hammer of Thor. It was clear that the other force that Dr. Colder had cultivated/created was in control. A force not totally synthetic nor was it totally supernatural. The mortals believed they could contain and harness the energy they had created. But they would learn that it was only a ruse. I witnessed my right hand decapitate a terrified and frozen Freddy whose clothes materialized back upon his heavily perspired body and screaming “Noooooooooh!” My hands made quick work of slicing the rest of his cadaver into pieces. Amelia, meanwhile, was suspended in mid-air naked, flailing in a psychotic orgasmic paradise. For, along with Freddy, she too, had been Elias Colder’s experiment as well. Again, the flooding reality continued to unfold, smashing

consciousness with dread untold. She had been prepped for the moment. My body transformed and increased to twice my size. I felt my new alien body as it began to have intercourse with my beloved Amelia as she screamed and shrieked near death. Seconds after the beast that possessed my body ejaculated into Amelia, in came running three scientists in all white haz-mat suits quickly encasing her in a perforated black bag, with a machine (resembling an incubator) trailing behind it on wheels. Then they were gone. So was I. I was still held captive in the black void. While the otherworldly beast started growing and getting hotter. Before leaving, the remaining men in the protective suits turned to me wide-eyed and white faced holding up a white chalkboard that read: Your approximate detonation is T-Minus sixty seconds. The face was briefly revealed to be my father before shape shifting to that of the visage of Elias Colder and again shifting to some grotesque image indescribable. From within the void and through the constant cacophony of souls lamenting, I heard the retreat of what had to be a high-powered helicopter zooming away. The beast in/outside kept growing until I/it was bigger than the house as the ceiling crumbled against the exponential growth, then the magnification came to an abrupt halt. This was followed by pitch-black silence and no screams... no air...a millisecond or an eternity later: nothing. The subsequent explosion leveled everything in North America, west of New Mexico and parts of Mexico and Canada were disintegrated as well. The scientists had not anticipated the extent of the devastation. Even one of the Government's secret underground installations was

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obliterated. However, I survived the explosion. Well at least a version or piece of me. The real me, is locked up as a veritable mental needle in a haystack.

Whatever power that controls me, allows me to write and watch television; as if after what I had been through, I have any desire in seeing reruns of say Seinfeld or The Walking Dead. I know no freedom other than menial tasks and the necessities of a rationed and conditioned existence that keeps me alive for my parasitical host that lies dormant until it is next summoned to do even more destruction. This wicked force will eventually take over the mad scientists/conjurers and an unknown nothingness will blight this planet and perhaps many more out of existence. As it has been gleaned to me from the voices in my head, I have discovered that the scientists and the military have detailed my next itinerary or should I say my next target. Unless I can prevent them somehow, I will be mobilized to obliterate first the entirety of Europe and from South Africa all the way north east encompassing Russia. My name used to be Mark Sanchez now I am simply a supernatural super nova weapon known as Discontinuum X0. At one time, it seems like eons ago,, I thought I had it made.